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## THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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### TERMS.

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## Poetry.

### Labor and Rest.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past,"  
"Two hands upon the breast,  
And labor's done;  
Two pale feet crossed in rest—  
The race is won;  
Two eyes with coin weights shut,  
And all tears cease;  
Two lips with grief are mute,  
And death at peace."  
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot—  
God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work addressed,  
Aye for his praise;  
Two feet that never rest,  
Walking his ways;  
Two eyes that look above,  
Still, thro' all tears;  
Two lips that breathe but love,  
Never more fears."  
So cry we afterwards, low at our knees—  
Pardon those erring prayers—Father, hear these.

Chambers' Journal.

## Miscellany.

### The Window in the Forest.

BY GEO. L. Aiken.

The inmates of the little tavern in a secluded valley in Germany, gather without the door, awaiting the approach of a horseman, the distant sound of his horse's tread having apprised them of his coming. He rides rapidly up, and springs lightly from his saddle, giving his horse in charge of the ostler, who, after receiving his instructions, leads him away to the stable.

The new comer observed the looks of wonder cast upon him, and was at a loss to account for the curiosity he excited. He was a man of about thirty-five years of age, of medium height, well formed, and tolerably good looking. He was attired in the uniform of a dragon in the German service.

"Well, my good people," he exclaimed at length, "what do you see in my appearance so surprising that it makes you gaze upon me with open mouth?"

"Is it possible that you are alive?" The astonishment of the host caused this somewhat singular interrogation to escape from him.

"Faith, to the best of my belief, I am so," replied the dragon pleasantly. "Do I look like a dead man?"

"No, no—I mean not that," said the host, as he seemed to be revolving some matter in his mind, which puzzled him. "You came by the forest road?"

"Certainly, and gloomy enough it is, too; a lonely path to traverse when a man has no companion but his own thoughts."

"Better have your thoughts, than the fearful companion some have met in the forest."

"Indeed! what sort of a person is he?"

"We know not; none that have seen him have lived to tell of their encounter."

"This is a strange affair that you are telling me."

"Did you see nothing on your way through the forest?"

"Nothing; yet stay—now I bethink me, I do remember noticing in the forest, a short distance from the road, a small cottage window—"

"Ah! a window?"

"Yes; I thought it singular that a cottage should be situated in such a peculiar and lonely neighborhood."

"You did not approach it?"

"No—I should not have observed it, but for the glimmering light of a taper which betrayed it to my eyes. I was too hungry to stop to examine it; I knew of the locality of your inn, and hurried on, as I wished to pass the night here."

"Ah! I remember you now—is it not Captain Earnest?"

"The same."

"You stopped here on your way to join the army for the last campaign?"

"Yes; the war is over now, and the Emperor has concluded a peace, and I am on my way home. But come, serve me up something in the shape of a repast, and while I satisfy the cravings of nature, you may narrate to me the particulars of this strange story. What little I have heard has greatly excited my curiosity."

"The host led the way into the principal apartment of the inn. A hasty meal was soon spread upon a small table, and Captain Earnest commenced a vigorous attack.

"You must know," commenced the host, seeing that his guest was prepared to listen, "it is now nearly a year since that window was first seen."

"Then I presume that the cottage was

built about that time," replied Captain Earnest.

"Cottage! there is no cottage!"

"What, no cottage? Oh, but my good fellow, I saw the window of it myself!"

"True, yet still there is no cottage!"

"Well, I have heard of houses without windows, but I never before heard of a window without a house."

"Yet it is the fact, Traverse the road by daylight, carefully examine every portion of it, penetrate a short distance into the forest on either side, and you will find no vestige of any human habitation."

"There is some mystery in this."

"Aye, and a deep one, for soon as the shades of evening begin to fall, the traveler beholds the light shining with sickly lustre amid the dense foliage around."

"Ah, I have it; this is nothing more or less than a Jack-o'-lantern, a Will-o'-the-Wisp!"

"You are wrong; the window has been seen, the very number of panes counted; there are six; my boy Heinrich, there, has seen it."

The host pointed to a stout lad of eighteen who had been attending to the stranger's wants.

"Ah, that's where the even, though I must say this light in the window is rather a dark affair. But how changed it he could approach so near this dangerous object, and not be the worse for it, when I understand you to say all others have perished?"

"You shall hear; it must have been through the mercy of Providence. One evening, as Heinrich was returning from the town, some twenty miles beyond here, he got belated in the forest. It grew so dark that he could hardly see his way by the time he got within five miles of here. Feeling somewhat tired, he stopped to rest by the road side when, looking into the forest, he beheld the light gleaming from the window."

"What! five miles from here?" interrupted the Captain, "why, where I saw it to-night must be all of ten miles from here."

"I have no doubt of it, it is seen at all distances along the road, but he saw it five miles from here, on the right hand side of the road."

"On the right hand side? It was on the left hand side when I saw it!"

"Oh, for the matter of that, it is seen on either side by different persons; in fact, no two ever saw it in the same place."

"The devil! but go on."

"The moment Heinrich beheld the light, feeling thirsty, he determined to approach the cottage and request a draught of milk; mind, this was before it had become so noted—naturally supposing that he was near the cottage of some good man. He made his way through the underwood towards it, wondering at the taste of a man who could build his house amid a thick wood of brambles. It seems he misjudged the distance, for when he thought he should have gained the light, it was as far off as when he first saw it. He continued to press on for about fifteen minutes, yet the light maintained the same distance. He paused, bewildered; he could not grow more distinct; he could not get nearer the glass, and he almost thought he saw a strange, wild beast peering out upon him. A sudden terror seized upon him and he turned and fled. That terror saved his life; had he followed that fearful light on instant longer he would have been lost. He reached home more dead than alive, and it was more than an hour before he could find breath to tell us what I have just related."

"So you think the fiend himself has something to do with this travelling window?"

"I don't know what to think. You know this inn of mine lies midway between Waldburg and Motta. Many rich travellers leave one of these towns for the other, yet one out of every two never reach their destination. They are missed between here and Waldburg."

"Robbed and murdered, perhaps, by some ruffians who invest the road?"

"Their bodies are never found."

"Have the police investigated these mysteries?"

"Yes, but without discovering any signs of a band of robbers. We told them of the window; they watched for it, but as they could never see it, laughed at us, and told us our light was nothing but a fire."

"Strange that it did not appear to them!"

"It was so; after they left the neighborhood the window again became visible, and the travellers disappeared as before."

"Was there anything singular connected with the disappearance of these travellers?"

"Yes, one thing; all that were missed had journeyed alone. Strange to say, those who had travelled in parties of two or three invariably escaped."

"Well, my worthy host, a strange desire has seized upon me to penetrate this mystery? It seems that I am the only solitary traveller who has escaped the dangers of this mysterious window; that is a prestige of success."

"I have nothing better on my hands at present. I have passed through some scenes of danger, and may be allowed to remark that I am no coward. This is a promising adventure to a soldier, who finds it somewhat hard to settle down in a quiet life after the bustle and strife of a long campaign. So, if my stout Heinrich there will bear me company, I'll even undertake a solution of this enigma."

"With all my heart, Captain," cried Heinrich, promptly.

"Then let us set forth at once."

"It is scarcely ten o'clock, and I am in excellent trim; so prepare, my lad, and we will set forth at once."

The Captain examined the priming

of his pistols carefully, and then thrust them into his belt; he then buckled on his sabre. Heinrich was ready, armed with a stout edged. In this manner they sallied forth.

After proceeding a few steps up the road the Captain paused to give his companion a few instructions.

"Heinrich," he said, "a skillful commander always conceals the number of his forces—for the furtherance of my plan of action, it is necessary that we should pass for one man. You are the guide; consequently you must go first; I will 'back step' with you, lightly, and our mingled footstep will sound like the tread of a single man. In this manner—ah, you understand, not a bad soldier for a beginner. Now, whatever you see or hear, keep your tongue between your teeth; if you wish to call my attention to anything, nudge me with your elbow; if on the right, why the right. Now, then for ward—march!"

They proceeded in silence for over an hour. Heinrich's right elbow was then thrust gently into the Captain's ribs; at his whispered "halt," they both stopped.

Amid the trees the both saw distinctly a faint, twinkling light having the appearance of a taper in a cottage.

"Now, Heinrich," said the Captain, "if the devil owns that light he has no power to harm us; if it belongs to mortal man, we shall see which is the strongest. Keep a bold heart in your breast, and press steadily on."

They entered the forest; the Captain, still keeping close behind Heinrich, so governed his movements that they seemed as one man.

As they proceeded, the light almost imperceptibly retreated. To the eye of an unsuspecting person the light would have had the effect of misdirection in distance, but the keen senses of the Captain were not to be deceived; he beheld the light receding slowly, but steadily, as they advanced. He strained his eyes to discover the cause, but in vain. As they threaded the mazes of the wood, it would suddenly disappear, and after proceeding a few minutes without beholding it, they would pause, thinking it had vanished entirely, when again its light would glimmer before them as if inviting them to proceed. One thing the Captain had discovered; they were pursuing a beaten path through the forest, and he felt a slight shudder thrill even to his stout heart as he reflected that it might have been worn by the feet of the unfortunate travellers who had fallen victims to this mystery.

A quarter of an hour had passed, since they had entered the forest, and yet they were no nearer the light than before. The Captain began to grow impatient. Again the light disappeared this time it seemed to be gone in reality; they walked silently on—all was dark. The Captain was about to relinquish the pursuit, when lo! there was the light quivering as before.

Heinrich stepped briskly forward; there was a crackling sound, as of breaking twigs. The Captain drew back and uttered an exclaiming laugh. There was a sound of a heavy fall, a cry of pain, and then all was still. The Captain was standing on the brink of the pit into which Heinrich had fallen. By the side of the bough he had seized, he drew himself back from his perilous situation. Scarcely had he recovered a firm footing before he saw the light rapidly approaching the pit. With a painful effort he repressed his breathing. As it neared him he perceived it was nothing but a frame work, in which a taper was placed borne in the hands of a man of wild and ferocious aspect. The truth instantly flashed upon the Captain's mind; he understood the devilish artifice which the monster had used to entrap the unwary.

The robber placed his window by the side of the pit, and sinking on his knees, peered curiously into the depths; a long knife which glitted in his hand told too plainly what awaited Heinrich if he had survived the fall.

The Captain drew forth one of his pistols and cautiously cocked it; slight as was the sound, the robber's ear detected it, and he sprang to his feet; the Captain fired as he rose. The aim was true and fatal; with a loud shriek the ruffian fell to the earth; a few convulsive struggles shook his frame, then he lay perfectly motionless.

The Captain moved cautiously round the sides of the pit and gained his side. He was quite dead. He examined his person, his garments were of the roughest kind, and much worn; his feet were protected by a covering made of felt, which prevented his footstep from being heard. He then turned and examined the window; it was nothing but a common frame that he had obtained from some cottage; the taper was backed by a small strip of green board, which served to throw the rays of light straight forward, while it concealed the person of the bearer.

Feeling anxious for the safety of Heinrich the Captain called loudly upon his name but received no answer. Fearful the worst he retraced his steps, to the best of his ability, in the direction of the inn.

By pursuing the path which he had before noted, he succeeded in regaining the road without much difficulty, and arrived at the inn a little before day-break.

The host, though somewhat anxious to ascertain the fate of his son, advised a short delay in order to procure the assistance of the neighboring villagers; the Captain assented.

In about two hours after a strong party proceeded to the scene of nocturnal adventure. The Captain found all as he had left it, and his heart considerably relieved by hearing the voice of Heinrich shouting lustily for help. He was soon relieved from his unpleasant situation; though stunned by the fall, he had

received no other hurt than a few bruises. This pit was the robber's burial place as well as trap; they cast his body among those he had slaughtered and filled it up with earth.

The place was soon deserted. Captain Earnest after a hearty good bye exchanged with the host and Heinrich, proceeded on his journey. The circumstances became known, and the government rewarded his courage with a pension.

Heinrich had the window placed in the front side of the inn, where it may be seen to this day by the curious traveller.

### Curious Dying Scenes.

According to Fielding Jonathan Wild picked the pocket of the ordinary while he was exhorting him in the cart and went out of the world with the parson's pocket-screw and thumb bottle in his hand.

Peterson, who was master of the ceremonies and inventor of pleasures at the court of Nero, when he saw that elegant indulgence was giving place to coarse debauchery, perceived at once that his term of favor had arrived, and it was time to die. He resolved, therefore, to anticipate the tyrant, and disrobe death of its paraphernalia of terror. Accordingly he entered a warm bath and opened his veins, composed verses, jested with his familiar associates, and died off by insensible degrees. Democritus, the laughing philosopher, dilating the inconveniences and infirmities of a protracted old age, made up his mind to die on a certain day; but to oblige his sister, he postponed his departure until the three fests of Ceres were over. His supported nature on a pot of honey to the appointed hour, and then expired by arrangement. Jerome Cardan, a celebrated Italian physician, starved himself gradually, and calculated with such mathematical nicety, as to hit the very day and hour foretold. When Rabelais was dying, the Cardinal sent a page to inquire how he was. Rabelais joked, saying, how he was, he would not say; but with the envoy until he found his strength declining, and his last moments approach. He then said: "Tell his eminence the state in which you left me. I am going to inquire into a great possibility. He is in a snug nest; let him stay there as long as he can. Draw the curtain; the farce is over." When the famous Count de Grammont was reported to be in extremity, the King, Louis XIV., being told of his total want of religious feeling, which shocked him not a little, sent the Marquis de Dangeau to beg of him, for the credit of the court to be like a good Christian. He was scarcely able to speak, but (turning round to the countess, who had always been remarkable for her piety, he said, with a smile, "Countess, take care, or Dangeau will fetch from the credence my conversion."

ANECDOTES OF LORD NORTH.—This good humored minister was always ready with a joke, and always appreciated one, even though it was at his expense. One night he rose to deprecate the too great readiness to give and take offence which prevailed in the house. "One member, for example," said he, "called me a thing (patting his portly sides) I am a thing; when, therefore, the gentleman called me a 'thing' he said what was true, and I could not be angry with him. But, when he added, 'that thing called a minister,' he called me the thing which all of others he himself must wish to be; and, therefore, I took it for a compliment." A prosing old sailor, well known for his lengthy orations, began to speak on an admiralty question. Lord North said to one of his supporters, "Now will give us a history of all the naval battles, from that of Salamis to that of last year. I shall take a nap; wake me when he gets near our own time. After an hour's infliction the friend nudged Lord North. "My lord, my lord, wake up—he has got to the battle of Van Tromp." "Oh dear," said the sleepy minister, "you've waked me for a hundred years too soon!" On his last night, in office his antagonists had collected for a grand battle. Lord North, in his place and declared the administration at an end. Of course, the House adjourned immediately. It was an awful wet night, and in those days cabs were not; the members, expecting a long debate, had ordered their carriage at 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning; and Lord North, as he passed through the belled and imprisoned crowd of his opponents to his own chair, bowed to the right and left, saying, with a smile, "Adieu, gentlemen; you see it is an excellent thing to be in the secret."

KERTCH.—Kertch in the middle ages bore the name of Vespores, or Aspromonte (the White Mountain), is built within a short distance of Panticapæa, where, need I not inform your classical readers, Mithridates met his doom. After undergoing various vicissitudes, which all other cities in the path of the barbarians, in their invasion of Europe, more or less underwent—it was in the fourteenth century taken by the Genoese, who corrupted the Greek name of Vespores into Vaspore. It afterward fell into the hands of the Turks, who kept it until 1774, when it was ceded to Russia. The harbor, which is described as very fine, was built by Alexander I. It commands the northern entrance of the straits which bear its name. Yenikalek is of comparatively modern construction, being built in 1700 by the Turks to close the Black Sea to the Russians. The latter, however, captured it in 1771.

A physician was asked by a stranger, if New York was healthy. He replied, "Usually so, the extraordinary cost of provisions has checked the disposition for overfeeding, from which, ordinarily, we derive most of our practice."

### Cheese-Making.

A few months ago, I visited a lady friend in the country; her table was continually supplied with the most delicious cheese, of her own making. I asked as a particular favor, that she would communicate to me her peculiar method of making it, and wherein she differed from others. She replied she followed the method she had been taught generally, prepared the rennet in the same way, but felt sure, that she had discovered the reason why cheeses were strong, both to the taste and smell, which consists in the single circumstances of putting the curd to press, warm. She did not use any artificial means to cool the curd, but after it had been chopped and scalded, and allowed to remain spread upon the cloth until it was cool as the surrounding atmosphere, and thus put it to press.

There is a great deal of probability in the above statement, for I have frequently noticed that some cheeses from the same dairy would be strong and offensive, and others mild and agreeable, which may be owing to the circumstances of the dairy-woman getting her cheeses to press early some days, and being hindered others, until the curd had time to cool. It may be well for dairy women to try the experiment so as to ascertain the fact.—N. E. Farmer.

THE RIGHTS OF SCHOOLMASTERS AND PARENTS.—A case of considerable interest was tried before Justice Ladd, of Cambridge, on Saturday. A citizen of Newton was complained of for an assault upon the master of a school of that place.

It appeared that the master was in the habit, as is now the general custom, of keeping the child of defendant, with other scholars, after school hours, to learn her lessons, which had been imperfectly recited during school hours. The parent believing that the detention was illegal, went to the school house and demanded his child. This was after regular school hours. The master said that the child should go as soon as she had recited her lesson. The parent attempted to enter the schoolroom to take his child, but his entrance was resisted by the master, and the assault upon the master was the result. The court ruled that the keeping of a child until the lessons of the day had been perfected, was legal; that the parent in attempting to enter the schoolroom, in opposition to the will of the master, was in the wrong; that a child placed at school by the parents, is under the control of the master, until regularly dismissed; and that a parent cannot withdraw the child from school during the day against the master's will, except through the intervention of an officer and the school committee. The defendant was fined \$30 and costs.—Boston Traveller.

MINNESOTA.—A gentleman who has recently gone from this State to Minnesota Territory, writes under date, St. Paul, May 30, in terms of high commendation of that portion of the West. He says: "The weather is delightful, with the most invigorating and sweetest air I ever breathed. Vegetation comes forward very quickly here, and is now much more advanced than in New York—There are not many flat prairies here, but the land is rolling, and its surface is somewhat broken. Little lakes of the purest water and full of choice fish are abundant. The country is surely pleasant, and I do not doubt more healthy than New York, so pure is the air and water."

Of the business at St. Paul, he says: "This is a fast and flourishing town; prices range very high, money is worth 3 per cent. per month. Business is now somewhat dull, owing to the low water in the river, but the chances for money-making are still good, and land speculators keep borrowing and holding on.—Surveys will be commenced this summer for a Railroad from Dubuque in Iowa, to this place and Lake Superior. The Company have a charter, and a grant of 6,000,000 acres of land." The emigration to Minnesota, this season, has been unprecedentedly large.—Albany Reg.

FREEDOM OF OPINION IN RUSSIA.—A letter in the Constitutional, from St. Petersburg, mentions a circumstance which has just caused some sensation there. A person of large property, M. C.—w. having said at a private party, "I would willingly give 10,000 roubles (the rouble is somewhat over 4fr.) for the war, if I knew when we were to have peace," was summoned the next day before the military governor, who received him in presence of several persons of distinction, and said, "Sir, if you pledge me your word to pay this day the sum of 10,000 roubles, I am authorized to gratify your curiosity."

At that point to which you alluded last evening, the governor, "Well, then," said the governor, "I have to inform you that we are to have peace when you come back from Caucasus, where you are to proceed this afternoon, after having paid the sum agreed on. God be with you!"

THE CORRESPONDENT OF THE Journal of Commerce, "W." in writing a plea for fishing says:

Between us and you, my friend, I am of opinion that Peter himself chuckled a little when he took an extra large specimen of the Gallic carp, and I have no doubt that he and James, and even the gentle and beloved John, pulled "with a will" on the wire of the draft of fishes.

A loser testifying in our Police Court the other day, about a quarrel between a man and his wife, said the man did thus, and the woman so, "while I stood by."

### FORCING A GIRL INTO A CONVENT.

On Saturday week, Marshal Geer and Constable Dawson were called upon to go to the house of Mr. Watson, a resident of this place, and take charge of a girl who, it was said, was about to be carried off to Cincinnati, to be placed in a Catholic convent, against her will. The officers immediately repaired to the house and found the girl in a greatly terrified state, because, as she affirmed, her uncle and aunt, both Catholics, were determined to place her in a convent, and she thought their efforts to secure her would yet be successful. The officers assured her that she should not be taken by compulsion, and at her request one of them took her home with him, where she still remains in perfect security. The girl is an orphan, about seventeen or eighteen years old, and of a good looking. She states that her parents have been dead about four years, and since their death she had to depend entirely upon her own exertions for a livelihood. Her wages, which she obtained by working in the capacity of a house servant, have all been taken from her by these relatives, who live in or near Cambridge City, Wayne Co. The reason given for their conduct is that she has become a member of the Methodist church, and cannot be taken from that persuasion unless compulsory measures are resorted to.—Cornersville (Ja.) Times.

RECIPE FOR MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.—Preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state, heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world; every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party, and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last they will become as one.—Ah, if many a young pair had on their wedding day known this secret, how many marriages were happier than—alas!—they are!

BULWER ON THE AMERICAN PRESS.—Bulwer, the novelist, in his speech on the stamp duty, remarked, "you have been led to infer that the American press is in the hands of ignorant adventurers, whereas the remarkable peculiarity of the American press is that it absorbs nearly all the intellect of that country. There is scarcely a statesman of eminence, an author of fame, who does not contribute to the American periodical press."

QUEER PLACE TO PLANT OYSTERS.—A resolution was passed by both houses of the Connecticut Legislature on the 23d instant, providing that "George Hoyt and others, of Norwalk, be permitted to enter their petition for a law relating to the planting of oysters in the Secretary's office, any rule or law to the contrary notwithstanding."

In answer to the allegation by a Russian in this city, "that outside of New England there is no opposition to slavery in the Know Nothing movement; the most earnest friends of the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise, out of New England, are the leaders and expounders of what are called American doctrines."

The Cincinnati Gazette replies: "This is not true. Throughout the whole West the American party are as decidedly Anti-Slavery as in New England."

The King of Belgium is a Protestant, though his subjects are mostly Catholics. The King of Saxony is a Catholic, though the greater part of his subjects are Protestants. The King of Greece is a Catholic, though most of his subjects are of the Greek Church. Of the 15,500,000 European subjects of the Sultan of Turkey, 11,370,000 are of the Greek Church, and 260,000 are Catholics, while only 3,800,000 are Mohammedans.

Rev. Theodore Parker, the great Boston thunderer, is not, as is generally supposed, a graduate of Harvard. He had little acquaintance with colleges or universities in early life, though we believe he spent some time at the Cambridge Divinity School, but picked up his learning in the intervals of laying stone walls and ploughing intractable furrows on his native homestead, near Lexington monument. Mr. Parker preaches to the largest Sabbath audience in Boston.

SUPERSTITION IN ALABAMA.—The Huntsville Advocate says that for the second time this season many miles of telegraph wires in Alabama have been torn down by unknown persons, who, it is said, believe the telegraph is responsible for and the cause of the dry weather which has prevailed for the past twelve months. This superstition prevails in two of the richest counties in the State, under the shadow of two colleges, and where three newspapers are printed!

### Ugly Facts for Ugly Customers.

An egotist is especially hated by all other egotists.

Those who believe that money can do everything for money.

The only good that a miser does, is to prove the little happiness there is to be found in wealth.

To be angry with a weak man is a proof that you are not very strong yourself.

Scandal is the reputation of the wicked.

There are men who may be called "Martyrs of good health," not content with being well, they are always wishing to be better, until they doctor themselves into being confirmed invalids, and die ultimately, you may say, of too much health.

NOON-DAY TRUTHS.—Love, this toothache, smoke, a cough, and a tight boot, are things which cannot possibly be kept secret very long.

Every woman is in the wrong until she cries—and then she is in the right instantly.

A tragedy is often the safety valve of insanity.

A man who lends an umbrella is a real philanthropist—sacrificing himself for the benefit of his species.

The life of a fool could no more go on without excitement than a pantomime could without music.

There is a craving in almost every man's breast for a latch key.

Every woman's mother has been beautiful.

[Punch.]

SURLY SENTIMENTS.—By a Professed Old Grumbler.—No woman drinks beer of her own accord,—she is always "ordered" to drink it!

Experience is a pocket-compass that a fool never thinks of consulting until he has lost his way.

An ugly baby is an impossibility. When a man has the headache, and says "it's the salmon," you may safely conclude that he has been "drinking like a fish."

The moment friendship becomes a tax, it's singular, at every fresh call it makes, how very few persons it finds at home!—Punch.

AFFECTING ACCIDENT.—We were touched by a simple statement of the loss of a boy and the fidelity of a dog in last week's Caledonian. The boy fell into the river in Barton unseen by any one but a girl. A large dog, owned near by, heard the splash, ran to the spot and leaped into the stream.—It was just dark and boy and dog disappeared before any help arrived at the spot. Next day the bodies of the two were taken from the water together, the dog grasping the boy's coat and vest collar in his mouth, and the arms of the boy clasped around the dog's body. So firmly were they united in the struggle of death, that it was with no little difficulty they were separated. The grasp of the boy around the dog was such as to prevent him from using his legs. Otherwise he would doubtless have rescued the boy.—Free Press.

The greatest breadth of the Crimea is one hundred and twenty-four miles; the length, from east to west, one hundred and seventy. The Tartar population of the Crimea is about sixty-one thousand. A few miles from Simferopol of the ground becomes so level that there is not even the slightest undulation; and this uniformly continues the whole way to Perekop. Sebastopol is distant from St. Petersburg 1,391 miles. Couriers convey the mails (on four wheeled carts, drawn by three horses, and driven at a rapid pace,) to Moscow, about 950 miles, from whence they go by railway to the capital. From five days to a week is occupied in the entire journey; so that the Czar has his despatches three or four days earlier than either of his crowned opponents, unless it be the Sultan.

AN ALLEGED RE